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WHOLE NUMBER 635.

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A POOR LITTLE MOTHER,

BY MARY L. BOLLES BRANCH.

summer air; She never thought of danger, nor felt a single on A grassy glade, a hill-top, and then a field clover.

-St. Nicholas for July.

THE RIGHTFUL HEIR.

[London Week.]

For some weeks past the engagement between the Earl of Beauvray and Miss Millicent Moyle had been chronicled in Millicent Moyle had been chronicled in the fashionable intelligence of newspa-pers, and the marriage was appointed to take place in July. Beauvray House, Piccadilly, had been placed in the hand of the decorators; Beauvray Castle, in Northshire, was being refurnished and beautified by the combined energies of unbolders organizers and landscape of upholsters, painters and landscape gardeners; and grand subscriptions had been set on foot among his lordship's enants, his brother officers of the Guards, and his fellow-members of the Northshire hunts, to make the new Countess some handsome presents. There were many who considered Miss Moyle a lucky bird, for Lord Beauvray was not only of ancient family, young, immensely wealthy, and well-looking, but he was popular everywhere, owing to his supply temper and perfect up. well as a pretty girl, but this was about all that could be said of her. Her father, Josiah Moyle, a bill-discounter of Lombard-street, was a "new man" of the city plutocracy—one of those financiers who have made such rapid fortunes that everybody expects to hear of them next in the Bankruptcy Court. It was said that he and Lord Beauvray had become acquainted while traveling abroad, and that the peer's relatives had been much scandalized on hearing of his lordship's intention to marry the daughter of a man whose antecedents

were just a little misty.

As for Mr. Moyle, quite conscious of how great a piece of luck had befallen him, he could not refrain from bragging before his city friends about his future sen-in-law, "the Earl." He talked of retiring from business, of obtaining a seat in Parliament through Lord Beauvray's influence, and devoting him-self thenceforth to the assiduous study of conservative politics and the cultivation of aristocratic connections. The poor man had been admitted, on Lord Beauvray's presentation, to one or two first-rate clube, and he had been introduced to so many ladies and gentlemen of title that his head was turned. He sighed over his business ledgers from twelve to four o'clock every day, as if he had begun to realize the degradation of commercial pursuits; and as soon as his counting-house closed he would hurry off in a white waistcoat and with a flower in his button-hole, to take a drive round the park in his spanking phaeton, drawn by a pair of bays whom he could ill manage. It was honest Moyle's delight in these drives to meet the finely appointed barouche, which carried his wife, his daughter Millie,

and Lord Beauvray; and to note the number of hats which were lifted as it passed. Such bows made him grin in one sunny afternoon, just a fortnight before the date fixed for the marriage, the bill-discounter's phaeton was drawn as usual alongside the pavement of Lombard-street, waiting till the stroke of four o'clock from an adjoining steeple should bring out the plutocrat from his office, when a brougham, with a coronet on the panels, clattered up behind, and Lord Beauvray alighted. He was ghastly pale. The hall porter, who knew him by sight, and had always admired his pleasant smile, was startled should obtain at least social recognition of his rank as soon as possible. For this purpose he placed the amazed and elated Mr. Timburel in possession of his mansion in Ficcadilly, and a large sum in ready money "to go on with." Mr. Timburel was decidedly a snob; Lord Beauvray several years; it looks much to me as if some other people had discovered it, too, and as if he had only acted under compulsion."

Beauvray could not like him, much as he forced himself to be friendly, and he was soon forced to reflect with a sigh that the house of De Vray would be poorly represented by its new chief. But this did not check his diligence in doing his duty, and he quite dismayed admired his pleasant smile, was startled doing his duty, and he quite dismayed by his appearance, not less than by the broken voice in which he inquired if Mr. Moyle had left. Just then Mr. Moyle himself strutted out, all glorious with a geranium in his coat and a white with a geranium in his coat and a white hat perched acock on his pointed gray head. "Ah! Beauvray!" cried he, "I wi with cheerful welcome, but perceiving George

claimed: "Why, what's the matter? Not ill, I hope?" you in private," said Lord Beauvray,

the look on the peer's face, he ex-

"Shall we go off in the phaeton?" stammered Mr. Moyle, full of uneasi-

black seals. Laying this on the table, Lord Beauvray placed his hand on it, and looked into the financier's eyes:

"Mr. Moyle," said he, sadly, "I have a painful communication to make, but I will not beat about the bush. I find that I have no legal right to the title which I bear, or to the fortune which I am using."

"Eh! what?" exclaimed Mr. Moyle, with a gasp.

"I made the discovery this morning in rummaging through a box of deeds," continued Lord Beauvray, whose voice grew steadier. "You know that I in-

"Come, come, don't say such bosh," blurted out old Moyle, grasping his nose again. It had just occurred to him that Lord Beauvray was hoaxing. "He wants to find out whether our Millie loves him for himself or his title," Millie loves him for himself or his title," reflected the money-man; but in a moment this idea was dispelled by Lord Beauvray displaying the contents of his envelope—a marriage certificate, and a number of letters which substantiated his story. Then he entered into explanation. It seems that his uncle, the Hon. Colonel de Vray, being in garrison at Malta, had privately married an Italian actress named Timburel. After a year's union, this fickle person had deserted him, Isaving her child to his care; and soon afterward she died. Under the circumstances the Colonel, though he provided for his boy's maintenance, deemed it convenient to conceal his marriage, and eventually he died sud-Moyle a lucky bird, for Lord Beauvray was not only of ancient family, young, immensely wealthy, and well-locking, but he was popular everywhere, owing to his sunny temper and perfect uprightness of character. There are young noblemen who make their grandeur consist in throwing away their money and making their reputation into ducks and drakes. But Lord Beauvray had been most irreproachable of gentlemen, just as his betrothed, Miss Moyle, was the fairest flower among that bouquet of pretty girls who had been presented at court in the same season as herself.

Millicent Moyle was a rich heires as well as a pretty girl, but this was about when a provided for his boy's maintenance, the circumstances the Colonel, though the window, so that all the world might tak about it. Poor Gertie held her tongue, though her heart throbbed week fall about it. Poor Gertie held her tongue, though her heart throbbed well as been invited to dinner for that evering; and she began to suspect that evering; and she began to suspect that the new large for the window, so that all the world might tak about it. Poor Gertie held her ton documents in a box, which Lord Beauvray (who inherited the deceased's papers) had never thought of examining till that morning, when he had begun to sort his family papers in the view of marriage. There were the facts which the very reservable of the control of which the young peer explained, while old Moyle, with a series of wheeres like moans, ruefully examined all the docu-

ments one by one.
Saddenly the bill-discounter crumbled all the papers in his hand with a feverish grasp, and looked at Lord Beauvray. There was an expression in his dull eyes as of a light behind an uncleaned pane of glass. "I say," he whispered, "have you told anybody besides me about this secret."

Ralph de Vray. This young man was handsome, however, and not devoid of talent. It was no secret to Millie that he had aspired to win her hand at a time when such a hope was fo'ly, and he exercised over her that fascination which saverat." secret?

bound.

"Then what prevents us from destroying these papers? I shan't say anything about it. That young Timburel is a skunk and a snob; it will be ridiculous to see him a lord, and he'll ruin himself, or become mad with conceit—so foolish is he. I say, Beauvray, "You are not bound to sit and listen then" said Millis with a fierh if I throw this envelope into the fire, who will know anything about it?.

"I shall," answered Lord Beauvray

quietly, and he held out his hand for the papers.

The shifty glance of the money man quailed before the light of unquenchable honesty in the eyes of one who happened to be a nobleman in something

more than the name.

There was a pretty hubbub in society when it became known that the Earl of Beauvray-or George de Vray, as he now simply called himself—was going to abandon his title and estates to a man who had been a city clerk. Lord Beauvray himself did his utmost to make the thing public; for as the legal formalities for reinstating his cousin into his rights would require some time, he was anxious that the new peer should obtain at least social recognition

"I wish to have no disputes," said George de Vray. "Even if a legal flaw were discovered, I should not avail myself of it so long as a moral certainty existed. And that certainly does exist." "No, not ill; but I want to speak to The lawyers grumbled; but they were fain to own that the marriage certificate was genuine, and that nothing but chicanery could spoil the suit of Mr. Timburel, who now described himself as ' Balph de Vray, claimant to the earl-

Out tripped a merry maiden along the gurden gay, The red, red rose to gather, to the little dame along the green ared, red reserved. The little maid laughed softly, she was so full of gioe, and play her dimpled sheer. When the little maid laughed softly, she was so full of gioe, and play her dimpled sheer. When the little maid laughed softly, she was so full of gioe, and gour children well four mills?"

Off flew that little mother in terror wild and dread and dread along the gurden well and dread and dread and sheer will and dread and control of the little maid laughed softly, she was so full of gioe, and gour children well and dread and control of flew that little mother in terror wild and control of flew that little mother in terror wild and control of f missed for presuming to make love to our Millie?"

"I was not aware of those particulars," said Lord Beauvray, "but young Timburel is the man; he bears his mother's name (she was an actress), and we used to think he was the natural son of my second uncle; but it seems that his parents were lawfully married."

"And do you mean to say that Timburel—a vulgar, conceited upstart, who is living on his wits at this moment.

of my second uncle; but it seems that his parents were lawfully married."

"And do you mean to say that Timburel—a vulgar, conceited upstart, who is living on his wits at this moment, with not a shilling in his pocket, I'll be bound—do you mean to say he has become Earl of Beauvray?"

"Not only that, but he becomes absolute owner of all my estates and property. My poor father left me a mere pittance. When I have put Timburel in possession of his own, I shall have nothing but my commission in the Guards and about three hundred ayear."

"Come, come, don't say such bosh,"

like a man who has done his duty without any fuss, and is glad of it—she thought her cousin happy among all girls, and sighed to reflect that Millie did not, perhaps, appreciate her treasure as fully as she ought.

It was this enthusiasm of poor Gertie Brown's on poor George de Vray's behalf which first began to make the cup of Mr. Moyle's bitterness overflow.

That worthy gentleman had taken to musing that there was an end now to his chances of sitting in Parliament, getting a baronetcy, and all that. George de Vray might remain a pet of society, and by means of Millie's money society, and by means of Millie's society, and by means of Millie's money keep a sumptuous town-house: but this was not the same as being an earl, with an enormous rent-roll and influence over a whole county. Old Moyle hinted as much to his daughter, and to make

never to come at times when he was likely to meet Gertie Brown, who could feel no admiration for the vulgar manners and purse-proud ostentation of Ralph de Vray. This young man was "No; I came to you first, as in duty and giddy. One day, after he had been talking to Millie for an hour in his most brilliant vein, some recollection of

swered Gertie, dryly.

"You are not bound to sit and listen to him, then," said Millie, with a flash in her eyes. "I will withdraw, then, on another

occasion - with great pleasure," was Gertie's reply.
"That's it; do—we shan't miss you By the by, you never make yourself scarce when Mr. George de Vray comes here.

There is not the same reason for doing so. Mr. George is a thorough "And you mean that Mr. Ralph is

superior to his cousin? I see nothing wonderful in that. If I found one of your trinkets among my things, I should restore it without crowing all over town about my honesty. Indeed, I think it rather strange that Lord Beauvray should not have discovered

Millie, exasperated; "I am sick of hear-ing you always harp on the same string. If you are so fond of Mr. de Vray, why don't you get him to marry you? would be two beggars together!"
Naturally, Gertie went to her room

to have a good cry, but from that day she ceased speaking about George, and became very circumspect in her de-meanor toward him. When he called to see Millie she left the room. George soon noticed these tactics, for his interviews with Mr. Moyle's daughter were growing more and more irksome by reason of Millie's coldness and irritability. At the least thing she would snap and sulk; and one afternoon when George innocently made some inquiry about Miss Brown, she fired up in a jealous

est. Now, give me, as a keepsake, that red book-marker you are holding in your hand. I will bring back the ribbon with something hanging to it."

"The Victoria Cross, perhaps," tittered Millie, rather uncomfortably. "I

tered Millie, rather uncomfortably. "I declare, that's quite poetical. Well, good-bye, Mr. de Vray. We part as friends, don't we?"

"Excellent friends," answered George, as he lifted both her hands to his lips, and kissed them playfully.

That evening when old Moyle was apprised of what had happened, he rubbed his nose, and said: "Well, well, it's he who has broken off the match, not was I suppose we've heard the last

not we. I suppose we've heard the last of him now—for he'll go out to India and stay there. As for the new Lord Beauvray, my dear, I was quite wrong in my estimate of him. He is a remark-ably clever man, and he means to get me into Parliament!"

One year had passed. There had been a triumph of the British arms in India, and the name of Colonel de Vrag was associated with it. His name was in everybody's mouth. He had received promotion and other honors, and was re-turning to England after the termination of the campaign as Major General Sir George de Vray.

As for Millie Moyle, she was be-trothed to the new Earl of Beauvray, and when Sir George arrived in London one of the first things he read in the papers was that the marriage between this young lady and his cousin was to take place in a week.

and trembling. To her he recounted his adventures, and oh, what a brave knight she thought him, with his sunburnt face and the modesty of true glory that breathed in all his words! The

new Lord Beauvray was not present.
At last, when a toast had been drunk to George's honor and Millie's happi-ness—honest Mr. Moyle acting as toast-master—the General drew a parcel from his pocket and extracted from it Gertie's book-marker. No longer scarlet now, but faded pink from exposure to the air, for it had seen many a battle, entwined with the soldier's sword knot. There were hanging from it a Cross of the Bath, a Victoria cross, and some-thing else—a wedding ring. "Will you take all three Gertie?" said George, approaching Millie's little cousin.

"Bravo, Sir George," exclaimed Millie, clapping her hands, though she turned a little pale. "I always said that Gertie and you were made for each

other?" "So did I," cried worthy Mr. Moyle; "but, I say, hullo! what's that?"

There had been a loud knock at the loor, and a footman entered with a telegram on a tray. Mr. Moyle opened the missive and uttered an exclamation of horror and dismay: "Great heavens, my lord, read this!" he faltered.

The telegram announced that the new Lord Beauvray had been killed in a rail-way accident. So the Indian hero got his family title and estates again. He "Certainly not, to my mind."

"Ah! ah! pray is it simply because
Mr. George has given up property that
was not his that you consider him so

"Entity title and estates again. He
showed no elation, but seemed, on the
contrary, much shocked, and was the
first to lend assistance to Millie when
she swooned in a somewhat forced attack

of hysterics.
Old Moyle had sunk into a chair, helpless. His face was a thing to see. A Cold-Weather Story.

1 Norristown Herald.1

"Talking about cold weather," sudlenly broke in one of our oldest inhabitants the other evening, "why, you ought to have been out in Minnesota in 36. I don't s'spo-e fourteen thermometers, spliced together, would a-given the mercury room to drop as low as it wanted to go. One awful cold night—colder than two of our coldest nights consoli-dated—a nunter named Hosking built an extra big fire in his log shanty to keep warm, an' he kept a-piling on the wood until his shanty was all ablaze; and when a few persons livin' round there saw the light an' ran to his assistance, they saw Hosking a settin' in the midst of the flames a shiverin' an' a rubbin' of his hands as though he couldn't get warm; and when the shanty was all burned to ashes they found him in the ruins a-sittin' on a big hickory log frozen to death." How the persons who went to Hosking's assistance managed to

escape freezing to death is what excited

the wonderment of our oldest inhab-

itant's listeners.

PERSONAL TOPICS.

PRINCE POTOCI, son of the Governo of Galicia, wears three diamond buttons which are together worth \$200,000. THE Baltimore Sun has a report that Mr. Tilden has leased a splendid property at Yonkers, where he will spend the greater portion of the summer in

The personal estate of the late Baron Lionel de Rothschild amounts to \$65,000,000. He allowed his children, during his lifetime, the use of his money, but retained ownership of the houses they lived in and their lands.

As regards the Census, the Democrat of New Orleans calculates that the population will not be less than 48,000,000 next year, which will give the United States the largest number of people under one government, speaking a common language.

mon language.

Sir John Lubbock, the naturalist, has been testing the affection of anta for one another. His conclusion after repeated experiments is that "in these curious insects hatred is a stronger passion than affection." Why don't mosquitoes make a business of hating each other?

A COLLEGE professor once tried to convince Horace Greeley of the value of classic languages. The professor said: "These languages are the conduits of the literary treasures of antiquity." Mr. Greeley replied, "I like Croton water very well, but it doesn't follow that I should eat a yard or two of lead pipe." It is a curious fact that Nathaniel Hawthorne in early life was engaged to Miss Sophie Peabody, but instead of wedding this lady, married her sister. In after years Mr. Lathrop became engaged to Miss Una Hawthorne, daughter of the poet, but instead of wedding her, married her sister Rose.

King Then Baw, of Burmah, and the British Resident of Mandelay have been having a serious diplomatic difficulty in the refusal of the latter to prostrate himself in the presence of the King, or even to leave his boots outside the door. If nature doesn't get up an earthquake over this outrage the King will send for his Prime Minister and cut off his head.

The Omsha Herald says that a woman from Lincoln, Neb., was alarmed the other evening on finding that a man was following her through the streets, and appealed to an officer for protection. The follower was arrested, but accounted for his suspicious conduct by showing that he had simply been following the woman's track in the mud to keep his feat dry.

LORD BEACONSFIELD said to a member of the Manchester Chamber of Com-merce, who came to tell recently that the Chamber intended to vote resolu-tions condemnatory of the Ministerial policy on the Eastern question: ""I have heard a great deal about Manches-ter 'clayed cotton," which is disgracing the English name in China. Please tell your Chamber that if they attend to my

events combined cause more domestic circus in ten minutes than can be dequately described in an hour. A FRIEND who had some expected

visitors was bothered about not having enough cake for tea, concluded she would not buy any more, and told the two little children, Jimmy and Robbie, not to ask for cake, and do without their share. When, at the table, Jimmy was a little "pouty," and not wanting to eat any-thing, Robbie seeing him, said, in the hearing of the whole company: "What's the matter, Jimmy? Did mother tell you not to ask for cake, too?"—Sunday

ALL contests and "matches" involving excessive exertion are dangerous Children should certainly never be allowed in them. A number of little girls in Sacramento entered into a skipping-rope contest to see who could make ping-rope contest to see who could make the greatest number of jumps without missing. One of them, aged about eight years, succeeded in making two hundred and eight skips without a miss, and was declared the champion. An hour or so after her victory, however, she was taken ill, had to be put to bed, and the doctor was summoned. Fever set in, and the little girl died.

THE correspondent of the London Times, in speaking of the surrender of the Zulu King Cetewayo's youngest brother to the English, says: "In appearance Mugwende is a low, cunning-looking savage, with a forbidding look about his eyes. He has a tendency to elephantiasis, caused by his weakness for native beer, which, it is said, he indulges in to excess. His wives are conspicuous rather by the scanty nature of their costume—viz., a string of fine beads round the loins—than by beauty of person. Their hair is shaved person. Their hair is shaved

once met his match in a pert, jolly, keen-eyed son of the sod, who acted as a hostler at a large stable, and who was up as a witness in a case of a dispute in the matter of a horse-trade. Curran much desired to break down the credibility of the solutions and thought to do it hy this witness, and thought to do it by making the man contradict himself—by tangling him up in a network of adroitly-framed questions—but all to no avail. The hostler was a companion of Sam Waller Himmed "Raph de Vray, claimant to the early one of Reauvray," and the counter transacted may be counter transacted of grasping his nose with the whole of grasping his nose with the whole of grasping his nose with the whole of the and Lord his hand, and working it up and down as if it were made of India-rubber, which he effect of releasing his dealer of produced a long blue envelope with several duced a long blue envelope with several avec of the counter transacted the peer sat down opposite and produced a long blue envelope with several avec of the country. The counter two several and the coals of the counter transacted the first of the counter transacted the first of the counter transacted the counter transacted transacted the first of the counter transacted the several transacted the counter transacted the first of the counter transacted which, he felt bound to make Mr. Moyle transacted to the counter transacted the first of the counter transacted the counter transacted the first of the dear many that the ever set of California. All the coast transacted the first of the counter transacted the first of the counter transacted the first of the dear many transacted to show the first of the first of the counter transacted the first of the counter transacted the first of the count

Mr. Player is the duckin of the

Personal William in Brown of

TEX .S CANNIBALS.

There is in this city a Mexican by the There is in this city a Mexican by the name of Francisco Alvares, now residing on East-street, west of the San Pedro, who has frequently told a story about two runaway negroes, a man and a woman, eating up a third member of their party. Alvares was with a train which brought the two cannibals back to San Antonio. Many persons have doubted the truth of the tale as told by Alvares, but it is nevertheless true, as there are many persons living who were Alvares, but it is nevertheless true, as there are many persons living who were here at the time, by whom the facts are remembered. Mr. John C. French, now one of our wealthiest and most respected citizens, was master of the train which found the surviving man and woman, and returned them to this city. The details of the shocking story are also preserved in print, and are found published in the Western Texan, a San Antonia newspaper of that day, under date of March 20, 1851. The following is what the Western Texas said about it:

what the Westorn Texas said about it.
"Several gentlemen, a short distance in advance of the train which had just arrived from El Paso, encountered a arrived from El Paso, encountered a party of runaway negroes at the Limpio Spring on the other side of the Peops River. When discovered, there were but two of the negroes alive, and they were in a state of misery almost impossible to be described. They had been entirely without food for ten days, and had been forced, to save themselves from actual starvation, to kill their companion, which act they had perpetrated on the morning of the day on which panion, which act they had perpetrated on the morning of the day on which they were discovered. They had stripped his bones of every particle of meat which could be obtained, and after satisfying their hunger with this revolting food, were, when captured, in the act of broiling and preparing the remainder to serve them in their onward March toward Mexico. Without doubt they would have perished, had they not been discovered at the time they were, as they were still two hundred miles from the Rio Grande, without any means of killing game, and in a most emaciated condition. The two that were taken, one a boy calling him elf Henry, and the other a girl, Melinda, were brought in with this train, and will be conflitted in San Autonia until some intelligence is received from their owner or owners. They give the following account of themselves: They say they all three belonged to the same owner. Mr. count of themselves: They say they all three belonged to the same owner. Mr. Charles Owens, who lives near Holly Springs, in Marshall County, Miss., from whom they escaped more than a year ago, and have been on their way towards Mexico ever since that time. The name of the boy who was killed was Morgan. They were all young negroes, apparently not more than twenty-two years old. After striking the El Paso Road, they derived what sustenance they could from the hides of sustenance they could from the hides of oxen which had died, and been left on the road, by the several trains that have the English name in China. Please tell your Chamber that if they attend to my business I will try and attend to theirs."

"What was the cause of your father's death?" the clergymanasked Thompson, at the last sociable. "Asthma," unblushingly replied Thompson; "foolishly went up an elevation and got up so high he couldn't catch his breath." Now, the fact was, the elder Thompson was hanged, but the clergyman didn't know that. So he just said, "Ah," with a pitying accent, and then they talked politics.—N. Y. Times.

UNCLE SAM says that this is the time at which the small boy knocks a picket off the fence to utilize as a base ball bat. Two hours later a goat meanders through the aperture and regales himself on the tulips and mignonette and currant bushes. One hour after that Angelina goes out with a watering-pot. These events combined cause more domestic circus in ten minutes than can be

(New York Hersld.) Dans A Za A delightful audience assembled at A delightful audience assembled at Brewster Hall, corner of Fourteenth-street and Fifth avenue, to examine Miss Millie Christine and the Italian Midgets now there exhibiting. Miss Christine, as she is commonly called, is plural number and the object of more wonderment than any natural monstrosity ever exhibited in America. She has two heads, four arms four less assertance and confourteent than any natural monstrosity ever exhibited in America. She has two heads, four arms four less assertance and confourteent than any natural monstrosity ever exhibited in America.

hibited in America. She has two heads, four arms, four legs, a soprano and contralto voice, can talk German with one mouth while the other holds forth in English and French.

She can whistle and sing at the same time, needs no companion to waltz with, as she is sufficient to herself for all terpsichorean evolutions; can be asleep and awake at the same time; can read a novel with one pair of ever while the other with one pair of eyes while the other contemplates a collection of engravings; can eat with one mouth and drink with

latter if he did not like the "introits." He replied: "I don't know what an introit is." Said the churchman: "But dose, except a round patch on the crown of the head, where the hair is gathered into a cone and plastered with red clay.

He replied: "I don't know what an introit is." Said the churchman! "But did you not enjoy the anthem?" He replied: "No, I did not enjoy it at all." "I am very sorry," said the churchman, "because it was used in the early church; in fact, it was originally sung by David." "Ah," said the Scotchman, "then that early sing the Scripture. I can under-

Trout-

Eastern trout do not thrive in the waters of California. All the coast streams have been stocked with them, but they soon died out. This is ascribed to the sandstone formations through which the streams run, and which make the waters muddy. In some of the clear mountain streams, which run through slate and granite formations, the fish do well. The California Fish Commission corroborates this theory by its experience with Eastern trout in San Leandro lake. They had just distributed 20,000 of the fish, about 3 weeks old, when heavy rains came and

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